

THE UNKNOWN MAN IN THE NEWS

Who Was Owen Stanley?

EVERY day the Owen Stanley Mountains are in the news from New Guinea. Who was Owen Stanley? How many people have heard anything at all of the man after whom these towering island bastions were named?

It is true that little is known of Owen Stanley, but he was a remarkable man, one of the exploring sailors of the Navy in the middle years of last century to whom the empire owes so much. In those days the appointment to a survey ship was the nearest thing to a sailor's heart. Captain Fitzroy had the good luck to receive a young botanist on his survey ship, HMS Beagle, a young man from Cambridge, 22 years old, whose name was Charles Darwin, and that voyage of the Beagle is famous now because the young naturalist was on board.

A Note From Owen Stanley

We cannot say that Owen Stanley had the same luck with his ship, for his cruises had a tragic end for him, and the naturalist on board his ship was a dull fellow who wrote a book that nobody would read, so that the voyage of the Rattlesnake, under Owen Stanley, has been entirely forgotten, whereas it should have shared the fame of the Beagle.

BUT it is a remarkable fact that what we do know of the exploring of Owen Stanley we know because he had on board as assistant-surgeon a young man of 21 who was to be Darwin's friend and champion, Thomas Henry Huxley. We may wish he had been the naturalist on board instead of John MacGillivray, for his diary would have thrilled his generation; as it is, the most interesting things we know of the voyage come from Huxley's review of MacGillivray's book. One interesting document, however, the Royal Geographical Society has in its archives, a note from Owen Stanley sent home by another ship. This is what it says:

We arrived here on the 2nd, having completed the examination of the Louisiade Archipelago and the south-east coast of New Guinea. The most remarkable feature we saw was a high range of mountains, extending from the Cul-de-Sac d'Orangerie to Redscar Point, a distance of nearly 200 miles, some of the peaks of which were more than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and one as much as 12,800. All the land, both in New Guinea and the Louisiades, is remarkably fertile, and very thickly inhabited. But I did not see among the natives many articles which would be of value, and their treacherous disposition would render it very dangerous for small traders to put themselves in their power.

The Bishop's Son

How many people at Norwich, we wonder, realise that Owen Stanley was once one of the boys at the Bishop's Palace there, for his father was Bishop of Norwich, and his younger brother was the famous Dean Stanley of Westminster? The name Owen comes from his grandmother, Margaret Owen, a Welshwoman. There were two brothers and a sister who became well known in their day, sister Mary being the bosom friend of Florence Nightingale until, with the best of intentions, she took out 54 nurses to the Crimea without the consent of Miss Nightingale, and found her so

greatly annoyed at such a step that their friendship ceased for ever, and they never met again. Young brother Arthur kept Owen enchanted by the stories he would tell from Scott's novels and Southey's poems, and he grew up to be the most famous dean of his day.

Like Jonah

Owen joined the Navy, and one day after he had been appointed to the frigate Rattlesnake he met a friend in London and asked him if he could recommend a surgeon who knew something about science. The friend happened to be Sir John Richardson, a famous Arctic traveller who was at that time chief of Haslar Hospital, and he had under him at the hospital Thomas Huxley, who had been entered on the books of the Navy for Nelson's Victory. Sir John recommended Huxley, who jumped at the offer, and went to see Stanley in London. They liked each other and the appointment was made.

Huxley wrote that he found his chief an extremely gentle man and a scientific enthusiast. He wrote to his sister that he was to dwell like Jonah in the inwards of the ship, but doubted whether Jonah himself was much worse fixed, for he was 5 feet 11 and the lower deck was 4 feet 10, and he did not know what to do with the other foot! Perhaps he would be able to sit half in and half out of the skylight, he said. But he was eager for it all.

THE Rattlesnake left Spithead on December 3, 1846. Stanley was an excellent commander, full of sympathy for his men, and there was only one unpleasant fellow on the ship, a man who happened to be the clerk, and for some extraordinary reason disliked Huxley and slandered him, so that the case came before a Court of Honour, ending in misery for the slanderer.

The ship made three survey cruises, in the Torres Strait, the Louisiade Archipelago, and south-eastern New Guinea, where they were the first white men to discover the mountains now called the Owen Stanley Range. They put them on the map, and with them a small island which they named after Huxley.

Huxley's Discovery

Concerning Huxley's own observations, one of the highest authorities in England declared that more complete zoological researches had never been conducted during any voyage of discovery in the southern hemisphere. It is surprising that it should be so, for the Rattlesnake was turned out of Portsmouth dockyard so unfit that the lower deck was continually under water, and so mean was the Admiralty that the ship sailed without a single book of reference on board.

WE need not follow the scientific results of the long voyage, but there are many interesting things for us to know about it. One is that it was on this voyage, while they were in Australia, that Huxley found his wife. They were too poor to marry for years, but were married at last, and the second and third generations of Huxleys have all been known to fame; one of them is on the Brains Trust at this moment.

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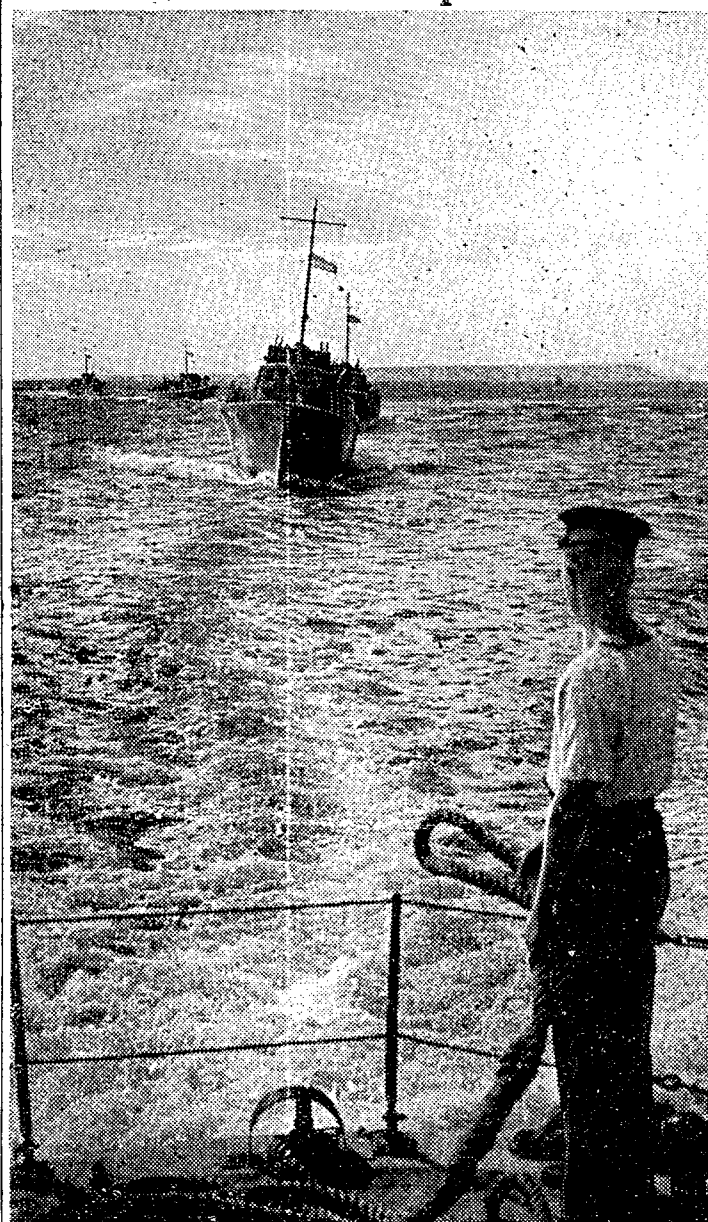
CHILDREN'S
NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Little Ships



The defence of our shores depends on the ceaseless vigil of the men in the little ships, high-speed and heavily-armed motor craft, such as those seen in the picture

Nurse Cavell's Friend

A REMARKABLE Belgian hero has just reached England, by means which may not be disclosed.

Louis van Loo Lambremont is his name, and he was sentenced to death by the Kaiser's court-martial in 1915. In May 1940 he was again fighting, and was badly wounded. For a long time he remained in a German military hospital. But he was determined to get away and fight again.

Nurse Cavell called Sergeant Lambremont "my loyal friend." It was for helping her in her work at organising the escape of British prisoners of the last war from Belgium, that he was condemned to death and even now is not sure why he was let off.

It was on a day in October, 1915, that Edith Cavell faced a Ger-

man firing-squad in Brussels. It was on a Sunday in October, 1942, that her faithful friend placed a wreath on her memorial by St Martin-in-the-Fields.

Now Sergeant Lambremont plans to avenge Nurse Cavell, as well as the thousands of his fellow-countrymen who have been done to death in this second German era of savagery against Belgium. His determination may be judged by the manner of his escape, of which we are told but two facts. He broke his jaw falling from a train, and he went without food for five days in the course of his secret and adventurous journey.

Such are the men who will repay the Nazis for what they have done to Belgium.

A MARVELLOUS THING BEING DONE

Country Transformation Scene

AN astounding transformation scene has come about in the Midlands. Fields and farms that were doing their share on the Home Front a month or two ago are now doing their share on the military front. It is an almost incredible sight that presents itself to those who knew this countryside when the summer began.

It is the work of 1500 Royal Engineers and about 5000 civilians acting with full powers over time and space, able to command whatever they wanted; and what they have done is to put an Army Depot in the place of three farms.

If a conjurer could have waved his wand in June over a piece of farmland and said "Be you a busy town in three months," it could not have been more wonderful than what has happened.

There were two sites with the three farms, one almost a square mile, the other nearly three times that. When summer began they were prosperous farms with all the promise of farms in June. What are they today?

Thirty-three miles of railway have been laid, 18 miles of concrete roads (laid at the rate of a mile a week), and on the sites are hundreds of Nissen huts and fifty great sheds, with nearly 400,000 feet of floor space in them. There will soon be a million square feet of space under cover

for storage and about as much for living room.

Men who have seen great things done by mechanised industry have stared amazed at this scene. Excavators would appear in a narrow lane and in a few hours its width would equal a good road. Each scoop would lift as much earth as a man could dig in an hour. One machine would equal the digging of 400 men. So there were dug seven miles of deep ditches for water drainage and 1000 yards of culverts. So 18 miles of water mains were laid and 18 miles of sewage drains. So the whole basis of civilised life for 8000 men has been laid down.

It was all to have been done by March, but the staggering speed has made it possible to predict that everything will be complete by Christmas, and it is acknowledged to be the biggest single piece of work now being done in this country. Every man knows what he is doing and feels that the nation depends on him, and it is enough. The rest follows.

Heroes in Chains

EVEN the Nazis can hardly have touched a lower depth of cruelty and shame than when they put in chains over a thousand of our men, captured at Dieppe, on a made-up charge which was known to be false.

It is difficult to understand the meanness of the Nazi mind that could conceive such a revenge for a military raid, but it is likely that the purpose is to create among the German people a new hatred of this country. It is supposed that many Germans are already beginning to despair of the war and to feel that they would be no worse off after an

Allied Victory, and it is probably to counter this feeling that the Nazis are inventing charges against us which will terrify the German people into a fear of British cruelty.

It has always been the practice of the Nazis to accuse their enemies of the crimes they commit themselves, and the new charges were made against our troops after a raid on Sark, the Channel Island, when we captured documents proving that the people of the island were being carried off into slavery to work in German factories or be thrown into Concentration Camps.

A Few More Slaves For Hitler

THE Germans must be short of man-power now that they are carrying off the Channel Islanders into slavery.

The Channel Islands, though British possessions, lie within a very few miles of the coast of Normandy, far nearer to those shores than they are to any part of England, and when the west coast of France fell into German hands it was hopeless for us to try to hold them.

Perhaps it might have been well if we could have brought away to England all those who wished to leave, but there are over 90,000 of them, and nobody knew how many would have been prepared to be exiled from the lovely little island birthplace where they and their forefathers had lived for a thousand years under their own laws and customs and privileges?

The news of German villainy is a cruel blow to the exiles,

redoubling as it does their fears and anxieties for the loved ones left behind. But the deportations indicate fears and anxieties among the Nazis also.

We cannot think that a couple of thousand enslaved Channel Island men can add very much to the industrial power of Hitler's New Order in fettered Europe; but we may well think that when ten British soldiers can raid Sark and bring away the news of it all, and prisoners in German uniform, the blow to Hitler's pride is such that he must think out some form of retaliation suitable to the deed.

A WORD TO US

Dear Sir, I have never once, as yet, read a single thing in the C.N. that I did not heartily agree with—which is truly wonderful, for I have seen 75 years now,

Annie Day, Oxford.

Hadrian's Wall For the Nation

In 1930 Housesteads Camp with three-quarters of a mile of Hadrian's Wall and a mile-castle was presented to the National Trust, and four years later covenants were given over the adjacent farm. Today the Trust announce that they have been able to buy, partly as an investment, Hotbank Farm, with a further piece of the Wall nearly three miles long.

Hotbank Farm joins Housesteads, covers over 900 acres, and carries right over a further area. It is bounded on the south by Hadrian's Wall, and the views at Crag Lough or Peel or Hotbank Crags cover a wide area of wild and romantic beauty. After the war the Trust will hope to bring the new section of the Wall with its turrets and mile-castles into a state worthy of such a great historical monument.

REPRIEVE FOR THE LITTLE SHOPS

The idea of closing down the little shops to save man-power has been abandoned by the Government.

No alternative plan has yet been decided, though the Board of Trade will undoubtedly close down quite a few shops, large as well as small, under the scheme for better concentration of commerce and industry.

Nearly half a century ago, Mr G. K. Chesterton was campaigning furiously on behalf of the small shopkeeper, whose existence was being put in peril by the big stores. If he were alive today he would be fighting just as powerfully for the small shopkeeper threatened by wartime closure. Nothing, he would say, would compensate for the breaking of a man's spirit in closing down the little shop which was his pride and his life work.

Looking at the Stars

That best of all optical instruments, the human eye, can see best in the blackout if it looks not straight in front, but out of its corner. Look at a star, or a speck of light, out of the corner of the eye, and the object will appear brighter.

This recommendation comes from a well-known astronomer, who adds that if you look straight at the Pleiades they seem rather a confused glow of light, but if, turning your head, you look at them through the corner of your eye they grow more distinct, and can almost be counted.

THINGS SEEN

A woodpecker feeding on a bird-table near a kitchen window at Keston, Kent.

A chicken's egg laid every morning on a bit of carpet in an air-raid shelter.

German prisoners jumping to their feet and crying Heil Hitler when a lecturer casually mentioned Hitler's name.

Six trolley buses waiting at Bradford to drive people to a dog-track ten minutes walk away.

A glass of water and a lump of coal at a harvest festival in Yorkshire.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

A WAITRESS in a teashop, asking a customer if he would buy a Savings Certificate for Tank Week, was surprised, when he came to pay, to see pinned to his bill a cheque for £200.

Scarborough High-School boys, making an extensive search of hedges on the outskirts of the town, collected a quarter of a ton of rose-hips.

The boys and girls of Temple Sowerby have collected six hundredweights of rubber.

At a banquet in Texas the toasts of the health of Lord Halifax, King George, and President Roosevelt were drunk in water.

THERE are now a hundred thousand women working on our railways.

The Allies have declared that when the time comes it shall be part of the Armistice terms that the men responsible for Nazi crimes shall be handed over to justice immediately.

We hear of offices doing public work where fires have been burning on very warm days when few other chimneys were smoking round about, or few other gas-fires were lit.

Sheffield Cathedral is to have the first Columbarium in any English cathedral, a chapel for the reception of urns containing the ashes of those who have been cremated.

Scout and Guide News Reel

THIRTEEN survivors from a convoy to Russia, all old Scouts, formed themselves into a Scout Troop during their stay in a Russian port.

Since it was formed two and a half years ago Fulham Scout Savings Group has invested £31,000 in National Savings.

A 16-year-old German refugee, now a Scout of the 16th Bedfordshire Troop, has been awarded the Scout Certificate of Gallantry for good work during enemy air raids.

THREE Rest and Feeding Centres are staffed by the Guiders and Guides of Smethwick, Staffordshire; they are prepared to serve 600 meals an hour.

What Mrs Churchill's Fund Has Done

MRS CHURCHILL writes to tell us of the wonderful work done by her Aid-to-Russia Fund, to which the public has subscribed more than £2,000,000 in response to her appeal.

It is difficult to imagine the immense relief it must have brought to the brave Russian people, for the Fund has sent out over a million blankets, woollens, and pieces of clothing, and about a hundred thousand coats and breeches for children; half a million surgical appliances; half a million yards of rubber sheeting; over 300,000 pairs of surgical

A FLYING Fortress came safely home from an attack on Germany with 16 shell hits and 300 bullet holes.

The Nazis shot 34 Norwegian citizens in two days as a protest against sabotage by other Norwegians.

Miss Stella Thomas, of Nigeria, who was called to the Bar in 1933, has been appointed first woman magistrate for West Africa, where she has been a barrister since 1935.

A CORRESPONDENT in the suburbs writes to say that he has noticed an unpardonable amount of shopping by taxi since the rationing of petrol.

Basingstoke has raised three million pounds in its saving campaigns during the war, and has increased its small savings by fifty per cent.

The Editor would be delighted if a few C.N. readers could send books or toys to the Children's House, Kingsley Hall, Pewis Road, Bow, E3.

The loss of the aeroplane in which the Duke of Kent was killed was caused by the pilot not following the track on his chart.

David Masters has written another of his popular books on the wonder of our time, this one on the achievements of our submarines; it is called "Up Periscope," and is published by Eyre & Spottiswoode at 7s 6d.

When a bomb fell near a school-room in a South-West coast town where Guides and Scouts were having a birthday party the girls and boys took charge of the situation until Civil Defence workers arrived.

Stoke-on-Trent Guides have collected 50,000 books for salvage.

A mother has sent 10s to the B-P Memorial Fund on behalf of her Scout son who is reported missing in Malaya.

The 6th Hyde (Cheshire) Scouts have received a certificate from the Royal Horticultural Society "for their outstanding effort in allotment cultivation in 1942."

Telephone directories are being collected by Scouts of Johannesburg for waste-paper salvage.

gloves; over 60,000 hot-water bottles; and over 50,000 tourniquets; and four tons of chloroform and ether. It is an astounding collection, and yet the Fund has still ready for shipping 100 portable X-ray sets, 200 portable disinfectant sets, 550 hospital tents, about 500 tons of drugs, 300,000 pieces of clothing for civilians, and nearly two million yards of tarpaulin.

Those C.N. readers who have subscribed to Mrs Churchill's Fund will not be disappointed with the use made of the money. It is remarkable.

A MIRACLE IN MID-AIR

ADMIRAL TOWERS, over here now with the American forces, is partly responsible for airmen having safety belts today.

He was flying in an early Wright seaplane many years ago when, at a height of 1700 feet, an atmospheric disturbance threw him and the pilot out of the machine.

There were no parachutes in those days. The unfortunate pilot was thrown clear of the machine and killed, but Admiral Towers caught hold of a strut as he was falling, and clung to it while the aeroplane crashed to the ground. It was after this hair-raising experience that airmen were first given safety belts.

The Bus Girls in Grey

THERE will soon be 10,000 women conductors on the pay-roll of London Transport Board, despite the removal of the Green Line coaches from the roads.

Their wages are excellent, four pounds a week to begin with, and more as they improve. But the work is not suited to every girl and woman, for it involves considerable strain on the nerves and temper.

The conductors are very carefully chosen, and good temper and the ability to mix easily with people, and in friendly fashion, are perhaps the first requisites. No matter how strong and willing and intelligent a would-be bus

conductor may be, if she has a snappy temper she is useless for the work.

These girls and women train quickly, first in the lecture-room and then on the road. None of us can have any doubt that they have been an unqualified success. To country people coming to town their politeness is very welcome, for the country bus is not generally so fortunate.

Few of us realise what some of the "clippies" went through in London during the big raids, or what others outside London have done in the more recent raids in the provinces. All honour to these brave girls in grey.

A MAGISTRATE'S POINT OF VIEW

Mr John Watson, the Chairman of Southwark Juvenile Court, which deals with children from South-East London, has written a timely book called *The Child and the Magistrate*. It is published by Jonathan Cape at 10s 6d, and as the royalties are given to the NSPCC there are two reasons for hoping it will have a good circulation.

Mr Watson has done much to save children from becoming criminals, and the whole point of his book is to enter a plea for the abolition of imprisonment for children. He puts it thus: "No boy or girl should be sent to prison in any circumstances whatever." Birching should be abolished and treatment substituted for punishment.

He wants to see the mischievous child guided and trained, and helped into our complicated social life as a useful member of society. He points out that in the Children and Young Persons Act of 1933 we already have a great but neglected Children's Charter, a copy of which should be in the possession of every magistrate.

FUEL FLASH

Heard in a Yorkshire bus:
I told our Sammy t'other week that he maun stop using t'gas to he't up t'water to wash hisself afore he goes to school i' the mornings. He didna like it at first having to wash hisself in cowl'd water, but now he's usin' to it, and it makes him as chirpy and quick as a newly fledged sparrow.

THIS KIND WORLD

A reader who lives more than two miles from a station tells us that the village postman, whenever he sees a card notifying the arrival of a parcel by rail, calls at the station, picks up the parcel if it is light enough, and delivers it with the mail. This kindly action is much appreciated by our reader, who agrees with the postman's remark: "We've got to help one another or this'd be a funny old world."

LIVES EASILY SAVED

Every twenty minutes a child is taken to hospital for diphtheria, and every few hours one dies, generally owing to not having been inoculated.

There was a school in the Midlands at which an appeal had been made for children to be inoculated against this grave disease, and 60 parents agreed. The day before the doctors came for the injection one child died from diphtheria, and the result was that instead of 60 a total of 130 children were waiting to be inoculated the next day.

THE MOSAIC

A remarkably fine mosaic in natural woods of many colours has been on show in Leeds. It shows Christ giving bread to the Twelve Apostles.

Behind the picture is a story. It was made by a humble peasant in Bohemia in the year when Hitler attacked that country. Fearing that the Gestapo would take his handiwork, the artist sent it out of the country, but when the Germans arrived he vanished. Nothing is known of him today.

The World and Its Trees

We referred not long ago to the fact that the north of China has been stripped of its trees with appalling effects upon the soil and climate. The denudation has caused drought, flood, and famine, with serious social effects.

We now record with pleasure the news from Chungking that the people have undertaken to plant at least 15 trees each every year. It is stated that already 9,000,000 trees have been planted by the Chinese, a small but promising beginning.

EIGHT THINGS—BY A BISHOP

Dr Blunt, Bishop of Bradford, has been saying some blunt but very wise things in his monthly magazine.

First, he says; keep in mind two slogans in these hard times:

Do more than your duties.

Ask less than your rights.

The bishop then goes on to give six wise precepts:

Try to avoid giving unnecessary trouble to public servants.

Be courteous and considerate in your dealings with tramway and railway servants, shop assistants, waiters, and so on.

Be thoughtful for the sick, the aged, and the busy.

Do not stickle for privileges and advantages, even when you have a right to them.

Practise every possible economy, including economy of selfish acts and unkind words.

Believe that the men at the head of affairs are trying to do their best.

BETTER DAYS FOR PONIES

The sight of dark-eyed ponies with black flowing manes and tails careering wildly over the moors in joyous freedom has often inspired the artist. These ponies lend life and colour to the great open spaces and symbolise the very essence of unbounded liberty.

A far different picture is presented when they are driven in from the moors to be sold to the highest bidders at village fairs. Sometimes they come long distances and arrive foot-sore, hungry and thirsty, to find neither water nor hay awaiting them.

Then, herded together in pens of limited space and in close proximity to the crowd, these freedom-loving creatures of the rolling uplands are liable to ill-treatment by the thoughtless.

But there are happier days ahead! Bampton, tiny market town in Devon, is leading the way. Improvements to mitigate suffering have been introduced, and the RSPCA has just built a range of commodious pens with a barrier to prevent the ponies from being molested.

Devon County Council, the police, and auctioneers are also helping to better the lot of the gallant little steeds that come to the fair.

THE CHEERFUL BUS

The bus was crowded. In came the conductor, looked smilingly at a seat for five on which five were sitting, and said happily:

"Move up there, make room! Thank you. Room for another lady, please. You are all much too comfortable!"

The Mighty Harvest of the Free Nations

LIKE our own Minister of Agriculture, the American farm minister is rejoicing in a bounteous harvest, as we have already announced. More than that, he is able to announce that in the last twelve months America was able to ship to the United Nations no less than 600,000 million lbs of food.

American food cargoes included not only grain, but pork, lard, cheese, eggs, dried milk, and other foodstuffs. This is a triumph for the American Lease-

Lend policy, under which no payment is immediately made for these magnificent supplies, and without which we and others could not carry on.

The figures relate to the last food year, ended with July. Since that date another and even more splendid harvest has been garnered. America has now produced more food, more cotton, and more of every other form of food, and cargoes are increasing. No doubt a great endeavour will be made to supply Russia, who

has lost so much of her best soil. The increase in egg production is about 70 million dozens, while milk production has risen by 4000 million pounds. Pigs have risen to 105 million head. There is more American corn than ever before, 3500 million bushels.

After thanking American farmers, let us not forget once more to pay tribute to the seamen who have safeguarded the transport of such magnificent supplies; it is impossible to exaggerate the debt we owe them.



Petrol-Saving Pilots Pedal to Their Planes

Before they were provided with cycles these pilots were taken by motor-car to their planes dispersed round the flying-field

The EDITOR'S TABLE

TO THE GRUMBLER

Do we grumble? Yes, all of us, no doubt.

But perhaps it would not be a bad thing, the next time we hear a grumbler, to say to him or to her:

How many men have died for you today?

Wartime, 1942

At a shop in the City of London, 2 p.m.:

Yes, we can get you a new nib for your pen from the makers. It will take three weeks and the cost will be 8s 6d.

At the maker's shop, 3 p.m.:

Yes, we can put you in a new nib now. It will cost you 1s 6d.

A Pretty Pass

It seems to us that there has been far too much criticism because the Archbishop of Canterbury has been talking of bringing religion into all aspects of our public and national life. Why not?

"We have come to a pretty pass," said Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne (not too religious at any time), "when religion is allowed to invade the sacred sphere of private life." As for us, we remember raising the question when we were at a Nottingham Sunday School, and being startled to hear the superintendent say, "But religion has nothing to do with business."

A pretty pass, indeed!

THE LAST LOAF

A Swiss newspaper quotes this as a saying widely spread even among Germans:

Germans will fight to the last loaf of other people's bread.

JUST AN IDEA

How good it would be, says a letter in our postbag this week, if every one of us would realise that the moment we speak to a foreigner we have the whole responsibility of representing our own nation to another one!

Under the Editor's Table

SOME kinds of pears will not keep. Especially with small boys about.

MANY war workers have no use for sleeves in their shirts. They are rolling up in numbers.

PEOPLE are saying Hitler has missed the bus. Now he is going to catch it.

A LADY says she has been taking the chair at meetings since she was sixteen. Must have quite a collection. us in the dark joint action.



The Day Has Come

THE superb courage which has inspired the endurance of the Russians against the German hordes, superior in weight and armament, continues to thrill and astonish an admiring world. Who, at the outset of their rending ordeal, would have thought the rank and file under their youthful generals capable of such skill, such fortitude, such ability to rise wounded from a stricken field to challenge again, and again the ruthless progress of the mightiest military force in the world?

There was a wise seer in our midst forty years ago who read aright the character of these Russian peasant millions. It was George Meredith, who, chiefly known for his prose, was also a poet, and he, thinking that the hour of the people had come to

snatch freedom from Tsarist tyranny in 1905, wrote a poem called 'The Crisis', in which occurred these lines:

*Now has come
The day when thou canst not be
dumb,
Spirit of Russia . . .
He who has to hear the deeds
Of thy heroic offspring reads
In them a soul: not given to
shrink
From peril on the abyss's brink;
With never dread of murderous
power
With view beyond the crimson
hour. . . .*

Has not our poet been well justified of the nation he thus glorified in song? Have the sons not answered with deeds the appeal he made to the spirit that animated the fathers?

OUR GREAT FRIEND CHINA

FIRST in the War, China awaits the fulfilment of her destiny in a future more glorious than her ancient past. She is the oldest and the greatest nation on the earth, counting the years of her unbroken existence and the five hundred millions of her people.

When the outer world came into trading contact with this little known land about a hundred years ago it was felt that their lives might be in some peril, and the practice grew up of setting aside areas in which Europeans had special rights, with courts of their own; living in China but not part of her.

They were said to be extra-territorial rights. It has long been felt that this was unwarranted in view of the great development of Chinese civilisation, and now the British and American Governments have decided to forgo this claim and to regard China in every sense as an equal nation.

The Chinese are overwhelmed with rejoicing at what they call their greatest victory for 100 years, and it is a new step forward towards the reconstruction of the world after the War. China is in the War and in the Peace with us, equal partner and great friend.

Little Things and Big Things

WE are all impressed by the mighty machinery of war we see about us, the huge tanks and guns and planes. But how impressive is the news of the smaller things of this world!

We have been reading that the Ministry of Agriculture's scientific staffs last year analysed well over a hundred thousand patches of soil. Colossal machines and explosives have made it possible to reclaim vast areas of land for cultivation, but it is on the knowledge gained by

scientists from a handful of soil that progress is based.

One item done will appeal to all. The little wireworm (the grub of a beetle) has baffled the world's scientists for years, but they are now able to indicate how many of these there are in an acre; and therefore to advise what soil should be avoided or how it should be treated. There may be a million and a half to an acre, that is to say one for every handful of soil, which means that a wireworm is waiting to eat every grain of wheat sown there!

Now Then, Young Men!

THE coal question continues grave, and the miner is hardly less important in the war than the soldier or the airman or the sailor. More coal is wanted urgently—250,000 tons a week more.

The best miners, judged by their output, are those between 40 and 50. The men over 50 are only a little less productive, and the worst of all are the men from 20 to 30.

Is it the young or the older men who will save us? We shall see. It is disquieting, to say the least, that our young miners are failing us.

How Far a Good Deed Goes

Nobody can say how far a good deed goes. We have taken the facts of this example of the far-reaching influence of a kindly act from a letter which has come to the Editor from India.

IN a seaside town on our south coast, by no means free from Nazi visitors, lies a young woman who cannot leave her bed. She spends her life on her back. Yet she is by no means miserable. She would love to go to church, but it is out of the question, and she has devised a means of helpfulness to the church she would go to if she could. She writes out in a beautiful hand a neat account of the services, with notes on the sermon, for sending out by post. She did so for some special services last October, including short notes of the evening sermon preached by a visiting minister from Exeter.

It happened that a copy of the invalid's script fell into the hands of a missionary on furlough in this country, and, liking it, he popped it into a letter he was posting to a colleague in Dinajpur, a lady missionary of the Baptist Mission there. She, on the point of sending out a circular letter to members of an Old Girls Association, received at that moment a package from her friend in England with the neatly-written programme from our invalid's bed. It was so attractive to look at that the missionary could not but read it at once. It came as a blessing, for it was just the thing she wanted for the reunion circular, and, throwing aside her own notes, she embodied the notes of the

sermon preached by the minister from Exeter.

The sermon was from the text in Genesis (33, 10), the words Jacob said of his brother Esau: "For I have seen thy face as though I had seen the face of God." The preacher pointed out that this was the loveliest thing one could say of another, and



Among the tasks now performed by the cutting u

THE LOST WOMAN

Continued from page 1

One day the Rattlesnake arrived in Rockingham Bay to land Edmund Kennedy and his exploring expedition. Kennedy liked Huxley, and invited him to explore Australia with him; but it was lucky that Huxley remained on the Rattlesnake, for Kennedy met with great disasters and all but three of the 13 men they landed that day perished. With them was the faithful black Jacky, with whom Kennedy was at last left alone to carry on. One day Kennedy was attacked by savages and died in Jacky's arms, and this faithful companion found his way home with the tragic news, and led a rescue party back just in time to save two starving survivors.

The Lost White Woman

One more romantic experience they had, for they found a lost white woman crying for help on the northernmost tip of Australia.

She was Barbara Thomson, born in Aberdeen. Listen to her strange story, which she scarcely had enough English left to tell to her wondering hosts.

While their ship was anchored off Cape York, the northernmost tip of Australia, some men of the Rattlesnake were strolling along the sandy shore when they passed a poor, lame, bedraggled creature whom they took to be an aborigine woman, but what was their amazement to hear her cry out: "I am a white woman; why do you leave me?"

Startled, they turned back to investigate, and at her request hurried her to the ship, just in time, for pursuers were on her track. This was the tale she told.

For four and a half long years she had lived as a black woman, as the wife of a Blackfellow named Boroto, of the Kowrarega tribe on a neighbouring island. Emigrating from Scotland with her parents when in her teens she married in Australia, and settled in Sydney with her husband, a sea-trader. With him nearly five years earlier, she had sailed from Moreton Bay in his small cutter America, on a voyage of coastal trade.

But the America struck a reef on a stormy day off an island a few miles north-west of the Cape. All the men on board were drowned, but she was rescued by some natives who were on a turtle expedition, and Boroto took her as his share of the spoil from the wreck.

He treated her well, arousing much jealousy among his other wives for this reason. She might have suffered harm from them but for a very strange circumstance. A most influential man of the tribe, Piaquai by name, declared he recognised her as his daughter. The Australian aborigines believed then, as they may do still, that white people are the ghosts of dead black folk, and Piaquai publicly acknowledged Mrs Thomson as the spirit of his own dead and beloved daughter Gia-om, and thereafter she was safe from harm.

But from time to time throughout her stay with the tribe she had the mortification of seeing twenty or thirty British ships pass through the narrow Torres Strait, only a few miles out at sea, without stopping to anchor.

Then one day she heard that two British vessels were anchored

Good Deed Goes

that Jacob could say it of Esau because Esau, when he had been grievously wronged by Jacob, bore no bitterness when the opportunity came for revenge.

The missionary put this view into the letter sent out to the Old Girls Association, and one day last June a nurse passing through Dinajpur, one of the past-students who had read the letter, called to see the missionary and said, "I want to thank you from the depth of my heart for the last circular letter you

sent out." The missionary was glad, and asked if it had been helpful. The girl replied that it had stabbed her to the heart. The missionary waited, and the girl continued: "I used to wonder when I heard people say how hard it is to forgive, but some months ago someone did me a grave injury and I could not forgive. I nursed my anger and hatred, my heart grew harder and more bitter, and I had no wish to forgive. And then your letter came, and it was like a knife in my soul. It seemed as though the letter had been written for me alone."

The missionary remembered that she had pleaded with any who felt any bitterness or grudge against another to forgive as Esau did and make Jacob's beautiful words come true again. As she remembered all that, she asked the nurse, "Were you able to forgive in the end?" And with a radiant smile the girl replied, "Yes, at last, God gave me the grace I needed, and all hatred passed from my heart."

So the message from a pulpit in the West of England, copied out attractively by an invalid in the hope that it would reach its mark, found its way to a missionary home from India, who happened to send it to a friend in Dinajpur, who passed it on to a nurse in North Bengal, whose heart it turned from hate to love. A sort of House-that-Jack-Built, and one more witness that

*How far a little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.*

Sawyers



Used by women at a Southern camp of timber with a cross-saw

OWEN STANLEY FOUND

opposite the island. Smoke signals from Cape York to Miralug, her home with the tribe, brought the news. She persuaded some friends to take her across to the mainland to shake hands with white folk once again. Moreover, if they helped her she would get axes, knives, tobacco, and other presents for them.

Landing on the western side of Cape York, the poor creature hurried across to Evans Bay, where the Rattlesnake and the Freak lay at anchor, and it was here that she encountered the sailors, who took her to Captain Owen Stanley. Meanwhile, the Blackfellows who had ferried her across from the island grew frightened lest she break her word and not come back. They came after her, and they, too, were brought aboard.

Owen Stanley's Epitaph

Captain Stanley heard Mrs Thomson's story and theirs, and then asked her if she really wished to remain on the ship or to go back to the island. At this question she became so agitated that she almost lost the power of speech; but finally, in a quaint mixture of half-forgotten English and Kowrarega, she replied, pathetically: "Sir, I am a Christian, and I would rather go back to my own friends."

So presents were given to the Blackfellows, with a fine axe for each of the three men who had been directly instrumental in saving the lost white woman; and Barbara Thomson was taken to Sydney as the guest of Owen Stanley.

Though quite illiterate, she was shrewd and intelligent. Before

the end of the voyage, by which time she had forgotten much of the primitive tongue she had learned, she gave hundreds of Kowrarega words and a good idea of their grammar to the scientists on the Rattlesnake.

WE can see it was a voyage of thrilling adventure, but saddest of all was the last adventure of all, the sudden death of the young commander, Owen Stanley. He had not time to write his story. He cannot have known that his father had just died on this side of the world, but Bishop Stanley had passed away in the autumn of 1849, and Owen Stanley died in the spring of 1850.

We think he would have liked a note which Huxley wrote about him, and which we may call Owen Stanley's epitaph:

Of all those who were actively engaged upon the survey, the young commander alone was destined by inevitable fate to be robbed of his just reward.

Care and anxiety, from the mobility of his temperament, sat not so lightly upon him as they might have done, and this, joined to the physical debility produced by the enervating climate of New Guinea, fairly wore him out, making him prematurely old before much more than half of the allotted span was completed.

But he died in harness, the end attained, the work that lay before him honourably done. Which of us may dare to ask for more? He has raised an enduring monument in his works, and his epitaph shall be the grateful thanks of many a mariner threading his way among the mazes of the Coral Sea.

Arthur Mee

CARRY ON

In the Darkest Hour

IN the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God, and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be brave than to be a coward.

Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who in the tempestuous darkness of his soul has dared to hold fast to those ancient landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who, when all is drear and cheerless within and without, has deliberately clung to moral good. F. W. Robertson

Hail to the Crown

HAIL to the crown, by freedom shaped to gird
An English sovereign's brow! And to the throne
Whereon he sits: whose deep foundations lie
In veneration and the people's love;
Whose steps are equity, whose seal is law. Wordsworth

WISER AND WISER

A MAN should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong; it is but saying, "I am wiser today than yesterday." Alexander Pope

They Shall Not Pass

LET Time go by for one brief hour
That I may pause, and think, and dream.
How stately are the grey church tower,
The cypresses, the jewelled stream.

Oh, so remote from ugly things,
So near to God this haven fair,
I had glad days in sunny springs
When I was young and had no care.

Those were my days. And this one too,
This hour shall I remember well;
For I know now that all we do
Will save these joys from hordes of Hell.

My quiet thoughts will keep me strong,
I shall not falter in the night.
They shall not pass, those hordes of wrong.
If need be, to the death I'll fight.
W. Spencer Leeming

SITTING STILL

IN this bustling world many things may be brought about by sitting still. J. J. Bell

Man's Days Are As Grass

LIKE as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.
From Psalm 103

Gather Us In

This was the last hymn sung at the service in memory of Sir Francis Younghusband, who sought to gather together men and women of all faiths.

GATHER us in, thou love that fillest all;
Gather our rival faiths within thy fold.
Rend each man's temple-veil and bid it fall,
That we may know that thou hast been of old;
Gather us in.

Gather us in: we worship only thee;
In varied names we stretch a common hand;
In diverse forms a common soul we see;
In many ships we seek one spirit-land;
Gather us in.

Each sees one colour of thy rainbow-light,
Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven;
Thou art the fullness of our partial sight;
We are not perfect till we find the seven;
Gather us in.

In the Hearts of Men

THEIR common sacrifice brought to each undying praise and the noblest of all sepulchres—not that in which their bones are laid, but that in which their glory endures, always to be revived when word or deed shall recall it. For the whole earth is the tomb of famous men; not only is their story commemorated in words graven on stone in their own country, but throughout the world it abides, without visible symbol, for ever in the hearts of men. Thucydides

A Prayer That We May Serve

TEACH us, Good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest,
To give and not to count the cost,
To fight and not to heed the wounds,
To toil and not to seek for rest,
To labour and not to want reward.
Save that of knowing that we do Thy will. Amen

CAMEO

Having written a book on Wiltshire, we know how true is this cameo by a poet in one of its villages.

WISTFUL Wiltshire; place of downs,
Undulating; Roman mounds,
Laden with engaging treasure;
Spacious ranges without measure;
Stonehenge's history, Avebury's wealth;
Plains, wide spaces, breathing health;
Newton's Baydon, Wren's East Knoyle;
County houses, homely, royal;
Stately elms and village people;
Little chapels, Salisbury's steeple,
Wind their beauty round the heart:
In such good things we all have part.
W. Brainwell-Hill

It Little Profiteth

MANY things know we that we seldom think on; and in the things of the soul the knowledge without the remembrance little profiteth. Sir Thomas More



London's Country

A rural scene in the Green Belt round the capital—the windmill on Wimbledon Common

CORNWALL'S HIDDEN TREASURE

THE great drive for minerals now taking place down in Cornwall has been quickened by the Ministry of Supply's offer to increase substantially the price normally paid for wolfram, which is used for hardening steel. This offer is made to encourage old miners to search for wolfram in waste places, such as disused mines and dumps.

It is possible that these men, working individually or in little groups, may make such valuable discoveries as were made by their ancestors in the early days of Cornish mining long before shafts were sunk and men worked underground.

In twos and threes the pioneers searched for tin on moor and in valley by washing the gravel and sand deposited there by streams from mineral lodes. This led to the great lodes themselves being discovered, and the opening of mines which for generations after were hives of industry and prosperity.

All through the recent years of depression, ever since cheaply-worked supplies of tin from the Far East began to arrive in this country and many Cornish mines had to close down, little groups of typical Cornish miners have helped to keep our oldest industry alive by working quietly and steadily on their own account. Their activities have been mainly confined to the vicinity of abandoned and half-forgotten workings.

Some have gleaned rich pickings of tin from old dumps of mine waste, turning the soil over and over in a time-honoured quest. Others have managed to obtain a livelihood by erecting simple apparatus in lonely valleys and collecting tin from the red streams that flow seaward from disused mines.

Others, again, armed with long-handled shovels, have gleaned valuable deposits of tin from the sand of the seashore, borne thither by water from ancient workings.

Only three Cornish mines were in active production at the outbreak of war; the others were derelict and forsaken; but in the valley, on the moor, and by the seashore tiny groups of old-fashioned miners still searched diligently for tin as their fathers did.

Now that the rich Far East tin fields are in the hands of the Japs a new life has come to the mining areas from Tamar-side to Land's End. All the country is looking hopefully to our western-most county to yield some of its own mineral resources, to make up for the loss of overseas tin.

Among the experts who are investigating the possibilities of putting old workings to good account are Canadian soldiers, some of whom have a camp high up in a remote region on the moors. They have built the shacks themselves, and the camp has all the appearance of a mining settlement in their own homeland. These men are enlarging and deepening a disused shaft and installing modern machinery, so that the age-old search for the wealth of the world's storehouse may go on with all speed.

A Traveller's Grumble

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

Two recent notes in the C.N. were certainly called for, one a note on smoking, the other on young people riding in buses.

The writer of this note would regard smokers with tolerance if they would not persistently smoke where they are asked not to smoke. In two northern cities, Manchester and Liverpool, the growth of smoking in non-smoking carriages and in lower decks of buses is definitely increasing. In some areas it is worse than others, but the writer is afraid that our lady conductors do not enforce the byelaws giving them power to stop the nuisance.

Apart from being a nuisance to some people, to others smoking is injurious, particularly to people with heart or chest troubles. There are plenty of places for smokers without intruding on the very limited accommodation provided for non-smokers.

As for riding on buses, far too many special buses are being provided for schoolchildren, who could easily walk for the good of their bodies. In one northern town a special bus is provided every morning to transport children, many growing up into their teens, from the local station to their school less than a mile away. This bus often stands waiting for over half an hour to take these children a journey of less than ten minutes' walk, yet in the same area there are not enough buses to transport war workers to and from their work.

RUBBER NEWS REEL

NATURAL rubber is made from the milky sap called latex.

More than 1000 plants (including the astonishing soya bean) contain latex, but the rubber tree, *Hevea brasiliensis*, has been the world's chief source of rubber. A good alternative is guayule, which grows in Texas and Mexico.

Seeds of a Russian dandelion which yields rubber in the same year as it is planted have been sent to Argentine, Chile, and New Zealand for experiments.

Oil and alcohol can be used for making synthetic rubber. Alcohol can be derived from grain, potatoes, and molasses. The whole of America's distilling industry has been converted to the production of alcohol for rubber—and explosives.

Each type of synthetic rubber has advantages and disadvantages of its own, both in production and use. Advocates of the alcohol process claim that wheat for making alcohol is plentiful and inexhaustible, while oil is not.

Colour Photographs

A new roll-film for amateur photographers, which they can develop and print at home, has been made in New York.

At present colour films must be sent to the makers to be developed, and if prints are wanted from the present colour films they too must be made at the factory. The new film can be both developed and printed on paper in colours by the amateur. But, alas, the entire output has been taken for the duration of the war by the United States Government. It will, of course, be available to everybody when the war is over.

A MASTER'S TALK TO BOYS

Join the Toughs

WE are to have no fires in the sitting-room till November. Only one thing to do; we must train ourselves to be hardy.

Perhaps we must train ourselves even to be what the Americans call tough. A good way is to start with a cold tub. After a cold tub or a "shower" you have such a fine glow that you can face a frost, without a greatcoat, and will walk to school. (It is the boys in greatcoats you see on the buses.) Ask the all-the-year-rounders at the Serpentine, who have an outdoor swimming race every Christmas morning, and they will tell you they never have a cold. One of those I asked was 70. He said he was delicate and always having colds when he started his daily Serpentine dip before breakfast.

It is when you come home in the evening that you will be feeling the house chilly, especially if it is a wet day. Don't grouse. If you have a pull-over or a cardigan, put it on. If you haven't, suggest that they give you one for Christmas, and tell them that the present will be extra welcome if it comes two months early, and your temper will be all the sweeter. Also, if the kitchen is taboo, you will appreciate the room over the kitchen. If your architect knew his business properly (so few do) he put the hot-water cistern in the bathroom, with a cupboard for the linen just above. Occupy the bathroom. Necessity is the spur of invention, and necessity, in any case, is a pretty good excuse.

Have you ever thought how in the old days the students at Oxford and Cambridge did their study? The colleges were built, like the monasteries, with stone walls and stone floors. Like the monasteries, they had no fire-grates in the cells. In the College Hall, where dinner was served, and in College Chapel too, they strewed the floor with rushes. I should not be surprised if the students in winter-time carted

rushes up to their rooms. You may notice when you visit Oxford or Cambridge that there are plenty of rushes growing there. I remember that after the last war the students in Germany told me how they had worked hard in the Long Vacation at some porphyry quarries, and had saved up what they thought would be enough to see them through until the next Long Vacation; but the currency system collapsed so rapidly that before they were halfway through to Christmas their money was all spent. What did they do? They "lived rough." Some fortunate ones slept in a garage, which was warm, and a motor-car formed an excellent bed. But those who were not so fortunate climbed up the belfry of the university church. They carried up trusses of straw and made themselves fairly snug through the night, and, what is more, they said, "We shan't be having consumption. It's the fresh-air treatment up here."

They reminded me of the question I put when I first went up to Cambridge: "Why do we have to wear gowns?" They told me that we wore them to distinguish the undergraduates from the townsfolk. But that did not satisfy. The real answer took me back to the Middle Ages. The students were poor then, as they always have been; and they wore the long black gowns because in them they were allowed to be on the road going to and fro between college and home. They wore the gowns also to keep themselves warm when they were reading their books and writing their theses.

We shall be keeping up an old tradition if we do like the old Undergrads and join the Toughs, do without fires, and yet keep the cold at bay.

The Countrywoman's Cottage

THE results of inquiries made among women who live in a Kent village should be of interest to those who are planning the rebuilding of rural England.

These women have lived in cottages all their lives and know what improvements would be welcome. They are unanimous in one desire: they do not wish for houses which look like concrete or brick boxes, but prefer the old appearance if it can only be combined with better living and working accommodation.

They all look forward to the time when tap water will be available, and they want better sanitation—not necessarily indoors.

Not all of them are in favour of gas for lighting, heating, and cooking, but every one is in favour of a gas ring so that the kettle may be boiled quickly without making a stick fire. Most of them would like electric light.

A bathroom is a luxury they have hardly considered, but two women who have visited a mining village suggest that a bath-tub set in the floor in front of the fire would be a blessing.

One good suggestion made was that all corners should be

rounded off when walls are plastered to make cleaning-easier.

Weather-proof roofs, damp-proof walls, and concrete paths are demanded by every woman. Most of them complain that there are too many steps in old cottages; one woman said that no two rooms in her home were on the same level.

Several of the women ask for good guttering and a storage-tank for rain-water, one saying that her husband had put a small tank on props and had led a pipe to the sink so that she should have the boon of a rain-water tap.

Narrow, dark, and winding staircases are condemned by all. Roomy cupboards with close-fitting doors and built-in dressers would be appreciated. Bigger windows are wanted, or, if the design of the cottage makes this impossible, bigger panes of glass. One elderly woman summed up her desires by asking for a good-sized outhouse, reached by a covered path, in which washing and wringing could be done, vegetables could be stored, and wet garments dried.

Our post-war planners might do well to examine these requests when they begin designing cottages for our Better World.

BEDTIME CORNER



The Boat Race

WHEN Lawrie put his new boat carefully down into the water he did not notice the big boy at the other side of the pond. He too was trying out a new boat, but a very different one from Lawrie's.

The two boys let go their precious craft at the same moment, each proud of the way his boat rode the water. Suddenly the big boy gave a shout as the two met in the middle of the pond. The heavier one, more sturdily-built, stood the shock with no more than a shudder, while Lawrie's elegant little yacht, with its white sail and brass fittings, staggered, made a brave fight, then heeled over, and lay helpless on her side.

"Oh!" gasped Lawrie. The other boy grinned. "What did you expect from such a cockleshell?" he jeered.

Cockleshell! "Oh!" said Lawrie again. How dare he? "It's a real boat, anyhow," he declared. "Yours is nothing but a bit of wood."

"Is it?" retorted the big boy indignantly. "She sails. And that's more than yours does." And with that he went off to find a stick long enough to draw it in.

Soon the two boats, none the worse for the accident, were lying on the bank, side by side.

"Tell you what," said the big boy. "Let's start them together and race them."

"Oh, yes!" cried Lawrie eagerly.

And so they did; and as the little model yacht won the first race and the heavier boat the next they were both pleased. They had a splendid time.

A GREAT TALE TO BE TOLD

Nine Men in a Boat

SOMETHING new has been done which will set old travellers talking. The North-West Passage has been sailed from the Pacific to the Atlantic for the first time in history.

The heroes of this wonderful adventure are nine men of the Canadian Mounted Police.

The ship which won its way through the ice floes, being lifted out of the water more than once by them, was an 80-ton schooner named the *St Roch*. She was built in Canada, so that to this Dominion all the honour of this great feat belongs.

From the starting point at Vancouver, on the Pacific to the arrival at Sydney in Nova Scotia on the Atlantic, the voyage lasted two years and a half, and the hardships were such that one of the crew died.

The only other ship which has made the voyage through the Arctic all the way across the north of the continent of North America is the *Gjoa*, carrying Roald Amundsen (from the Atlantic to the Pacific), in 1903. This brave Norwegian wrote that it was unlikely that anyone would undertake it again owing to the many great dangers; but Canadians have proved in their brief history that no dangers and no difficulties can stop them.

These Mounties of the *St Roch* have carried on a high tradition, the urge latent in the British race to sail where never ship has sailed and to open up new ways and new lands. They

are of the company which Frobisher and John Davis in the 16th century, Henry Hudson in the 17th, and Sir John Franklin and all those gallant seamen who went to search for him in the 19th have made immortal. All these gallant forerunners failed in their quest for the North-West Passage and the bones of many lie in the frozen wastes of the Arctic, yet they set an example of fortitude which these last voyagers have followed in their 30 months away from civilisation.

The full story of the great adventure has not yet been told; it is another epic of British gallantry which we all await.

Common Sunflowers

An enthusiastic gardener once stopped to examine some plants growing in a rough border beneath the window of the room in which a C.N. correspondent works.

"Common sunflowers," he said; "why don't you set to work for an hour or two and make this patch into a respectable border?"

Later in the year, during the heat of the summer, the sunflowers had reached a height of nearly seven feet. They made a hedge of quiet green leaves on which the eyes could rest from the glare of the sun or from the much less pleasant glare of white paper.

Last week the visitor came again on a dismal day when the sky was hidden by black clouds. Several times, as he sat in the room, he said: "The sun's breaking through, after all."

He was wrong. The sunflowers, now in full bloom, made a waving golden cloud outside the window of the dark room, and every time they caught the eye the observer received an impression of sunshine. Our correspondent showed his visitor that the reason why "it wasn't so dull, after all," was that the common sunflowers had been left in the border and not grubbed out, as he proposed.

Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC Children's Hour programmes from Wednesday, October 21, to Tuesday, October 27, inclusive.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20. Children's Magazine—No. 5, containing many attractive items.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Little Women—Part 2, Neighbours.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Fortnightly News-Letter from America. 5.30 Children's Favourite Tunes, played by the BBC Scottish Orchestra; followed by Ann Scott Moncrieff's *The Man who Played at Shops*, read by Moultrie R. Kelsall.

SATURDAY, 5.20 The Chimney Sweep, by Jiri Wolker; followed by *Boy Wanted*, the first of a series of short detective thrillers, written by Harry Alan Towers.

SUNDAY, 5.20 The Black Elfin Cow, a play by Beryl M. Jones about the famous black cattle of Wales. 5.55 Prayers.

MONDAY, 5.20 Diddle the Gosling, a true story by Phyllis Kellway, read by Elizabeth Cowell. 5.45 Safety First, another discussion by Col. M. O'Gorman and Jane.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Home Again, the true story of four Birmingham children, and how they returned home this year from Switzerland by way of Gibraltar. Also Music for Dancing.

The Nipper

On the Roof

The boys are splendid, we read every day in the papers. They always were. How many people know the extraordinary story of a boy which Professor Henry Drummond used to tell?

A boy was working with four men on the top of a house at Glasgow one day fixing up a telegraph wire. Early in the evening the men went away, leaving the boy to "nip off the ends of the wire" himself. The last thing the boy was told was to be sure to take back all the tools to the workshop, and on no account to leave any of them lying about.

The boy climbed up the pole and set to work to nip the ends of the wire. It was a cold winter's night and growing dusk, and the little workman lost his hold and fell on to the slates below. From the slates he fell to the ground, and a clothes-line broke his fall.

It was a terrible fall, however, and the lad lay for some time unconscious among the clothes he had brought down with him from the line. An old woman came out to look after her clothes, and, seeing her rope broken and the clothes all soiled and torn, imagined that the boy was drunk. She shook him, scolded him, and then went for a policeman. While she was finding one the boy came back to his senses, rubbed his eyes, and crawled on to his feet.

Then he did a thing which is almost incredible, but is true. Staggering away half-blinded, he climbed the ladder, reached the roof of the house, picked up the tools, put them in his basket, and carried them down the ladder. At the bottom he fainted again, and at that moment the policeman came. He took the boy to the infirmary, and it is pleasing to record that he lived to nip off the ends of many more telegraph wires. Perhaps he may still be living, and reading this.

THE OLD COAT

A writer having recalled that Colonel Newcome, Thackeray's delightful hero, wore his one good coat for 25 years, another correspondent retorts that he still has, and hopes to have for another twenty years, a tail-coat made by a Chinese tailor in Japan thirty years ago.

This prompts a retort from a C.N. reader, whose boast is that, whereas a tail-coat is worn only occasionally, he still wears a light overcoat made for him 29 years ago. It has faced the snows of the Alps; it has defied the fogs of the Netherlands; it has kept at bay the deadly Mistral that chills the blazing Riviera in the afternoons; it has warmed its owner during air raids and kept him comfortable on patrol as a Fire Guard. Nowadays it is neither second nor third best, but still serves as a "warm" in a house of blitzed windows with not much fuel.

His friends say, "When he goes into the house he puts on his overcoat and gloves," and it is true! He is like the French poet Béranger with his old coat:

*Stay yet! together we will take our way,
Old friend of mine, we will not parted be.*

A BLUE BUTTERFLY'S MARVELLOUS STORY

How many people this year have seen the lovely Large Blue butterfly alive in its natural surroundings in this country?

It has always been rare, and as long ago as 1795 it was recorded as a scarce British insect. It may still occasionally be seen, however, in certain parts of the West of England.

Not only is the Large Blue, with its leisurely, fluttering flight an object of beauty, but the behaviour of its larva at a certain stage of its existence literally passes understanding.

After its third and final moult, an exhausting business, the larva rests for several hours, and having thus regained strength starts out on its remarkable career. Its journeying at first seems aimless. Being somewhat clumsy in its movements, it often loses its foothold on a stem or a leaf and falls to the ground, yet it appears to be waiting for something.

What this something is becomes clear when, as often happens, the larva meets a praying ant.

The ant and the larva seem very pleased to have met each other, for the ant immediately begins caressing the larva, waving its antennae over it, and with great skill stroking the tenth segment of the larva's body. The reason for this procedure is because this tenth segment has a gland which, when touched in the proper way, exudes a clear and very sweet liquid. The courtship of the larva and the ant sometimes lasts for an hour or more, and finally, by some mystic sense, the larva prepares itself to be carried off by the ant. It gives the signal to the ant by assuming a most extraordinary attitude, causing some of the segments towards its head to swell. When the ant receives the signal it gets astride the larva, seizes it in its jaws immediately behind the swelling, and starts off to its nest rapidly.

The journey may be long or short, but all obstacles are overcome, and the pair finally disappear down one of the entrances

of the nest. The individual ant which first finds the larva is always the one to remain in attendance, and carry it away. It carries the larva deep down into the pitch darkness of the nest, and there it remains, growing rapidly, and feeding on the small larvae of the ants. During its sojourn in the nest the visiting larva is being fed and "milked" by its hosts; and as winter approaches it settles down for hibernation in a chamber deep in the nest. At last it finds its way out of the labyrinth of passages into the warm sunlight, and, as a pupa, clings to some stem or other object until fully developed and ready to fly away as a perfect Large Blue butterfly.

It is well to ponder over this remarkable story, made known to the scientific world by the researches of Captain E. B. Purfoy, and try to realise its significance. If ever there was a case of the exercise of reason, surely this is one. Though there have been many attempts by human observers to stroke the tenth segment of the larva's body and cause it to exude, they have all failed. It requires the fairy touch of an ant's antennae, a feat at present beyond the capacity of a mere clumsy human being.

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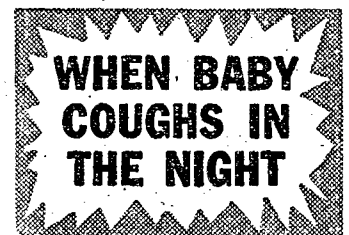
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WAR ALONE

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WE MUST TRADE WITH THE WORLD

The Boy Talks
With the Man

Boy. We made such enormous purchases abroad before the war that I often wonder how they were paid for. Certainly, about half our food came from overseas, and more than half our raw materials. How did we pay our way?

Man. In the last few years of peace we met our import bills only by selling out a certain amount of our overseas investments. The amount thus sold out just before the war began amounted to over £50,000,000 a year. Apart from this we paid for our enormous imports by selling abroad manufactured articles and by carrying goods in our ships. Many of our people had great investments abroad, the interest on which paid for millions of pounds worth of imports, as when our investments in Argentina came home to us in the shape of beef and grain.

Boy. Wasn't all that upset by the war?

Man. Very seriously indeed. Our enormous imports grew by purchases made for the war. Our chief buying for the war was in the United States, and therefore we sold out many of our investments there. We should have had to stop buying there but for President Roosevelt's Lease-Lend system, by which America lent us war supplies, leaving payment until after the war, and in such fashion as to help and not to hinder international dealings. It is through this system that we have been enabled to obtain vast quantities of materials and weapons from America without immediately paying for them.

Boy. What of after the war? Will it not be more difficult to export goods to pay for import cargoes?

Man. Yes, we have to face a difficult future. Consider first our imports. During the war we have increased our home production of food, so that we now produce about three-fourths instead of half of those foods which can be grown in our climate, but it will still be necessary for our comfort to buy abroad tea, coffee, cocoa, rice, maize, certain fruits, and many other desirable things. If we turn to raw materials, we have very little timber and cannot

produce cotton or jute, or enough wool. Of the metals, we have not enough iron, zinc, copper, or tin, to say nothing of rarer metals. We must either secure ample supplies of these from abroad or close factories. As to fuel, we almost entirely lack mineral oil. Our margarine industry is founded on imported oils and fats, derived from seeds, coconuts, and whales. It is clear, then, that we cannot cease to bring in raw materials.

Boy. So our standard of life would fall if we did not find out how to pay for imports?

Man. That is the situation we have to face. Unless we can continue to pay for what we buy abroad we shall have to cut our coats according to our reduced cloth. When we examine the means of export we see at once that old items have to be wholly or partly discarded. To take coal for an example, we have already lost much coal exportation because oil is now used for ship propulsion. We have now sold out a large part of our profitable overseas investments, and we shall lose much of the old gain of imports by selling freights. So even while needing enormous purchases, our old means of paying for them must largely disappear.

Boy. How can we meet these difficulties?

Man. There must be not merely greater enterprise but greater co-operative enterprise by British firms selling abroad. There must be greater science in industry to enable us to sell articles of the first merit. There must be a search for new industries with government interference in both imports and exports, so that the proper things are bought in proper degree, and export industries grouped.

These things call for international cooperation directed to improving the purchasing power of the world at large and the planning of international exchanges. The nation must resolve to make education a real thing. It is idle to talk of industrial and social progress unless we make serious advance in scientific and technical training. Schools must make the most of the fine material that awaits development.

THE BRANTUB

REVEILLE

Endless Task

FAULTLESS

TEACHER: In the Far North they have a night lasting for several months.

Pupil: Well, sir, who calls them when it is time to get up?

WHO seeks to please all men each way,
And not himself offend,
He may begin his work today,
But who knows when he'll end?

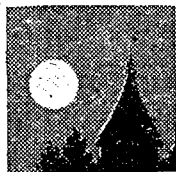
Jacko Sweeps Up the Leaves



S AID Mother Jacko, "If you want to make yourself useful you can sweep up the leaves—I never saw the garden so untidy." Jacko found a broom and started work. But the silly lad swept the leaves in a great heap against the back door, and when his mother opened it suddenly the wind sent them up in a cloud which nearly smothered her.

Other Worlds

I N the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning



Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9.30 p.m. on Saturday, October 24.

LAW

L ITTLE Joan was always asking questions.

"What keeps us from falling off the Earth when it is upside-down?" she asked her daddie.

"The Law of Gravity," was the reply.

"But how is it that people didn't fall off before that law was passed?" was the next question.

Proverbs About Life

A s a man lives, so shall he die.
I live, and lords do no more.

It is a great journey to life's end.

Life consists, not in breathing, but in enjoying life.

Life lieth not in living, but in loving.

Better to live well than long.
He lives longest that is awake most hours.

Trunk-Before-Wicket

W HEN at cricket the elephant played

A "duck's egg" was the score that he made.

"Though I hate, sir, to trouble you,

It's a clear t-b-w,"
Smiled the umpire. "You're out, I'm afraid!"

Do You Live at Hunstanton?

T HIS name was originally spelled Hunstanestun, and means the town of Hunstan, no doubt the name of some chief or prominent person who lived in the neighbourhood centuries ago.

A DEALER sold a horse, guaranteeing that it was absolutely without a fault.

The next day the enraged buyer returned and complained that the horse was blind in one eye. "That, sir," said the dealer calmly, "is not a fault—it is a misfortune."

Birthdays

M ONDAY's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,

Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go.

Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living.

And a child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is fair and wise and good and gay.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Queer Poetry

To decipher the verse use the next letter of the alphabet in each case. For Z read A.

Pay goodly heed,
all you who read,
And beware of saying
"I can't";
Tis a cowardly word,
and apt to lead
To idleness, folly,
and want.

Clock Puzzle, 66 seconds.

N	A	U	T	I	C	A	L
M	A	T	E	O	W	E	
A	N	T	A	B	L	E	T
J	E	M	E	L	O	H	
E	M	E	R	J	U	R	A
S	L	J	U	R	O	R	
T	E	T	R	A	D	E	C
I	R	E	R	A	Y		
C	A	R	E	S	S	E	S

Then You Do

Y ou never know how many parts a motor-car has till it hits a telegraph post or a brick wall.

SALUTE TO BRAVE BRITONS



No. 2 Captain Scott

The Polar Explorer of undying fame



In June 1910, Captain Scott set sail from England in the 'Terra Nova' accompanied by a small band of explorers, with the avowed intention of being the first men to reach the South Pole. You're probably familiar with the epic story of their bravery, the long marches through the biting blizzards, the calm courage with which they faced incredible hardships.

Did you know that Captain Scott and his party were sustained by steaming cups of Fry's Cocoa and by munching Fry's Chocolate?

Captain Scott wrote: 'Crunching those elaborate chocolates brought one nearer to civilization than anything we experienced sledging.'



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Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative, and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and stimulates the liver and bowels without cramp-

ing or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs', which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'